

PECCARIES

By NORA BRYANT

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Down in the forests of the southwest there are certain regions where one never ventures to stroll without a rifle, and where, even with a rifle, one keeps an eye open for climbable trees. For here are found peccaries; peccaries by the ones, twos, and by the hundreds—the ferocious wild pig; the one animal from which an experienced hunter will run.

Wainwright had been told all this. Every inhabitant of the ranch had taken unlimited satisfaction in detailing to the young Englishman the horrors of a "death by peccaries" and in impressing on him the means by which such death could be avoided. But Wainwright only smiled knowingly. He had heard before of the way these Americans like to fable to a tenderfoot. He did not propose to swallow everything. Even Billy, the old time chum on whose ranch he was spending a few months, felt it his duty to utter a word or two of warning. But Wainwright was only politely bored.

The sun rose very clearly that winter morning. After the days of raw rains and mists that had preceded it, the woods, brown and sodden, seemed beautiful to Wainwright.

He swung along, his pipe going like a furnace, his fine shoulders squarely back as he took in deep breaths of the exhilarating air and his tawny hair catching now and then a gleam of the sun as it flickered through the trees. His rifle was tucked very obediently under one arm, but he was not hunting. He was tramping through the woods for the Englishman's mere love of tramping.

The sodden leaves under foot yielded up a damp, earthy smell that was very pleasant to this earth loving man. The trees rustled in a companionly way; a rabbit or two scurried through the bushes; his tobacco had just the right flavor, and Wainwright would have been very contented had it not been for his constant thought of Billy's sister. Things had been going on beneficently until the silly quarrel of yesterday, and now he never would have the



"FASTER, JANNEY, FASTER!" PANTED WAINWRIGHT.

course to ask her if she would adopt England for a permanent abiding place.

He stopped and stooped to tie his shoe. As he straightened himself again he heard a tentative "Oof!" near by. A rough coated pig was standing a rod or so from him, watching him with ugly little eyes.

"Hello, piggy!" said Wainwright genially. "Are you one of the peccaries I hear such shameful tales about? They ought to be ashamed to malign such a harmless little chap as you."

He relighted his pipe, picked up his rifle and started toward the peccary. "Out of the way, Mr. Pig," he said. The peccary did not stir. "Oof! Oof!" he said.

"Oof! Oof!" was answered from a nearby bush, and "Oof! Oof!" from half a dozen different directions. Out trotted half a dozen rough coated little fellows with a businesslike gait and grouped themselves about the first comer. Their watchful gaze was a trifle disconcerting. Wainwright hit his pipestem a little nervously.

"By Jove," he said, "this is rather embarrassing! If there is nothing I can do for you gentlemen, perhaps you will step aside and let me pass?" And he took a resolute step forward. The peccaries, with little grunts, held their ground.

All this time their number had been steadily augmented until Wainwright was facing fifty of the ugly little brutes. He looked about.

"Gads, I guess the natives were right, and Billy was not stuffing me, after all; at least as far as the beasts' numbers and attentiveness go. I certainly am not going to try to shoot at as close range as this. The brutes might charge."

The foremost peccary drew a little nearer. His neighbors each took a forward step. These on the outer edge

shoved each other a little closer. There was a peculiar ugliness about the little brutes that was almost sickening. Their dark little bodies, swarming unpleasantly close, made him think of a tale an East Indian soldier had told him of a man who was eaten alive by a countless swarm of black spiders. He looked at their slaving, clamping tusks and stepped slowly backward. The peccaries circled in closer, and Wainwright stopped, lifted his rifle, took deliberate aim and fired at the leader. There were loud "Oofs!" and a quickening forward of the whole mass.

Wainwright recalled Billy's warning: "Remember that when you strike a herd of peccaries you are up against a new proposition. They fear nothing on the footstool. When you strike a herd just forget that you ever hunted elephants or tigers, drop your rifle and run for the nearest tree."

Wainwright gave a last glance at the hundred cruel eyes fastened on him, dropped his rifle and gave one spring to the trunk of the nearest tree, barely escaping the forward rush of the peccaries. A moment later he was seated in the lowest crotch, breathing hard, with the peccaries pawing, grunting and rooting below him.

"I wonder how long this will last," he thought. "If little Jane could see me she certainly would think I was getting my punishment for being so surly this morning."

For an hour Wainwright sat in his uncomfortable position, trying to find solace in his pipe and growing more and more irritated. The peccaries seemed untrusting in their vigilance, and he shuddered at the possibility of falling among them if he dropped asleep. Far off through the woods he could see a line of snake fence. He wondered if he dared run for it.

Just then he caught the gleaming of a blue gown among the trees. It was Jane, wandering off to look for him. "She should have known better! Heavens, it's my fault!" he thought. His heart stood still within him. Then he tore off his coat, vest and cap and with a blood curdling yell threw them far toward the outer edge of the herd. Like lightning the little animals turned in among themselves and fought for the garments. Wainwright dropped from the tree and flew toward the now terror stricken girl. Without a word but "Come!" he seized her hand and started in mad flight toward the fence. Almost immediately he heard the peccaries behind them, but their start was good. Closer and closer sounded the sickening grunts.

"Faster, Janey, faster!" panted Wainwright, and the girl quickened her pace to his. Wainwright gave a single backward glance. The foremost peccary was only a few feet behind them. Before them was a gully perhaps five feet wide. If only they could leap that! He knew that the peccaries could not jump, but would be forced to wade the brook. With the thought they were across it, though Janey stumbled and fell just on the other side. But Wainwright had her up again without breaking his speed.

The fence was now so near that he could see the dead goldenrod on the other side, now so near that he saw the moss on the top rail, and now he lifted Jane and tossed her to the other side just as the peccaries hurled themselves at his legs. But he, too, was over, and the peccaries rooted and tore in vain at the strong old barrier.

Little Jane threw her arms about him. "Oh, Lawrence," she cried, "I'll never be cross again as long as I live!"

Wainwright held her close. "If it ends this way," he said, "I hope you will be cross often."

Bachelor Man Whitcher.

In the earlier days of the fame of the poet Whittier, when already his name was widely known and honored, but did not yet command the almost universal recognition it had won in his old age, a visitor to Amesbury occasionally had difficulty in finding where he lived. His house was in an out of the way part of the town, and his name—pronounced by the country folk in two syllables instead of three—was not uncommon in the neighborhood. It is related that one admirer, after much search and many failures, made inquiries of a rural gentleman of venerable appearance, who seemed to take a kindly interest in satisfying the querist, but suggested successively the dwellings of several Whittiers, who proved on further description not to be the one. At length the old fellow remembered with sudden enlightenment that there was one Whittier more, and, slapping his thigh, he drawled with deliberate triumph:

"Now I've got him sure. You mean that old bachelor man that lives with an old maid sister down by the mills. He's a Whitcher too."

And this "Whitcher," a despised bachelor and an afterthought, was indeed the right one.

English as a Classic.

A generation ago the education of a college man confined itself almost entirely to a study of Latin, Greek, philosophy and metaphysics, while now the study of history, economics and other subjects of practical bearing predominates. Interest in the classical languages has now largely abated, even with persons who make a study of them. The student was formerly supposed to get his training from Greek and Latin; English he studied incidentally. Now the study of English is predominant in the American colleges. This should not be considered, however, as a disparagement of the progress of American culture. It should be remembered that the Greeks themselves wrought out their wonderful culture, literature and art entirely with-

out the aid of a foreign language. The schoolboys of Greece were required to commit to memory the best poems of the language, notably the poems of Homer, which shaped their thoughts, conversation and acts and finally their character.—President Schurman as Reported in Cornell Sun.

If you knew the value of Chamberlain's Salve you would never wish to be without it. Here are some of the diseases for which it is especially valuable; some nipples, chapped hands, burns, frost bites, chilblains, chronic sore eyes, itching piles, tetter, salt rheum and eczema. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

"Public office holders," said Cityman, "are only servants after all."
"Yes," rejoined Suburbs, "and I wish we could get a servant who would hang on like they do."—Chicago News.

Acute Rheumatism.
Deep tearing or wrenching pains, occasioned by getting wet through; worse when at rest, or on first moving the limbs and in cold or damp weather, is cured quickly by Ballard's Snow Liniment. Oscar Oleson, Gibson City, Ill., writes, Feb. 16, 1902: "A year ago I was troubled with a pain in my back. It soon got so bad I could not bend over. One bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me." Sold by Hart's drug store.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the following County Warrants will be cancelled by the County Court, unless presented to the County Treasurer, for payment, within 60 days from this date.

List of County Warrants issued by the County Clerk prior to July 1, 1899, delivered to the parties below but not presented by them to the County Treasurer for payment:

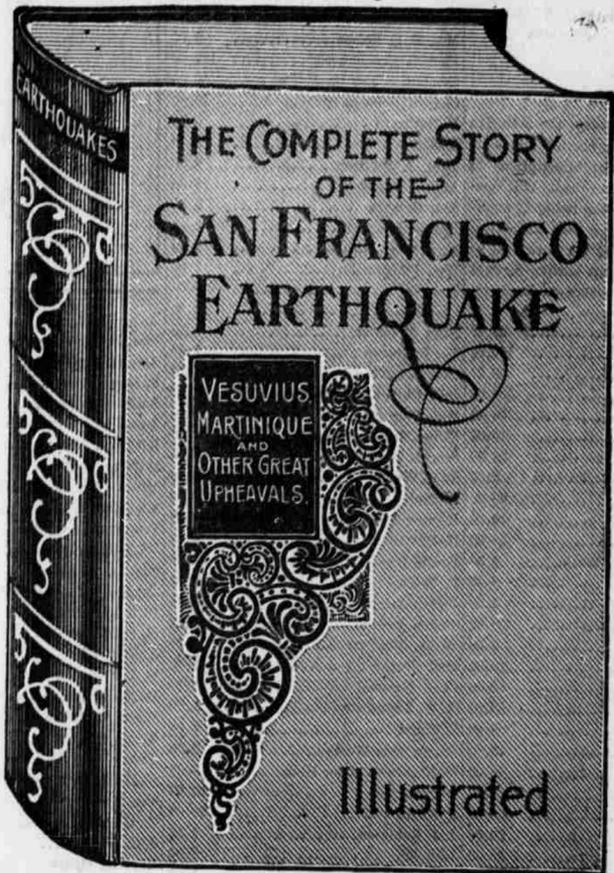
No. 4367.	T. H. Lunde.....	\$ 3.00
No. 6182.	S. Jackson.....	.75
No. 6429.	F. E. Warner.....	2.10
No. 6445.	J. G. Ryckman.....	5.00
No. 6453.	J. J. Hunt.....	3.00
No. 6457.	R. McMath.....	1.50
No. 6670.	J. B. Arndt.....	1.00
No. 6815.	O. T. & T. Co.....	3.00
No. 7245.	Foard & Stokes Co.....	1.00
No. 7248.	Henry Peeler.....	3.00
No. 7366.	H. Sloop.....	2.00
No. 7367.	E. Banks.....	12.50
No. 7368.	J. A. Bender.....	6.00
No. 7369.	D. P. Ross.....	3.75
No. 7371.	J. J. Ryckman.....	6.00
No. 7373.	L. Larson.....	5.60
No. 7374.	M. McFarlane.....	8.40
No. 7375.	Neil Hunt.....	6.00
No. 7381.	J. W. Adams.....	7.50
No. 7383.	J. J. Packard.....	1.50
No. 7385.	Chris Olsen.....	12.00
No. 7481.	W. H. Judson.....	5.50
No. 7482.	J. W. Detrick.....	5.00
No. 7483.	D. K. Warren.....	7.27
No. 7484.	A. Vannice.....	5.00
No. 7485.	E. M. Houghton.....	8.00
No. 7486.	L. Torkelson.....	10.00
No. 7487.	N. Bosier.....	10.00
No. 7488.	A. H. Church.....	15.00
No. 7490.	Robert Gaston.....	8.00
No. 7491.	Christ Olsen.....	8.00
No. 8567.	C. E. DeForce.....	2.10
No. 8899.	A. D. Craig.....	12.50

List of County Warrants issued by the County Clerk prior to July 1, 1899, and still remaining in the hands of the County Clerk:

No. 6642.	Laura Davis.....	\$ 3.00
No. 6643.	Nicholas Davis.....	3.00
No. 6644.	Michael Davis.....	3.00
No. 6645.	Ed Lyons.....	3.00
No. 6651.	John May.....	3.50
No. 6653.	Martin Berg.....	3.50
No. 6977.	W. H. Bruce.....	2.20
No. 7015.	Chris Nelson.....	2.20
No. 7029.	Martin Paul.....	2.40
No. 7031.	Julius Brienda.....	9.00
No. 7034.	John Numala.....	10.00
No. 7043.	Frederick Miller.....	5.20
No. 7044.	K. J. Hill.....	5.20
No. 7045.	Martin Mattson.....	5.20
No. 7046.	Andrew Loring.....	5.20
No. 7047.	Alex Ingraham.....	5.20
No. 7050.	Mary Oliver.....	5.20
No. 7051.	Sam'l Oliver.....	5.20
No. 7270.	O. Shelton.....	5.50
No. 7271.	Sam Nelson.....	5.50
No. 7272.	J. Kutchnos.....	5.50
No. 7273.	Christ Buglear.....	5.50
No. 7306.	C. O. Taylor.....	1.50
No. 7468.	Albert Thompson.....	1.50
No. 7558.	A. Berry.....	1.20
No. 7668.	C. H. Withers.....	2.20
No. 7690.	E. Franks.....	2.20
No. 7705.	A. R. Murray.....	2.20
No. 7821.	Nick Petroff.....	1.70
No. 8113.	Martin Maher.....	2.50
No. 8114.	Philip Lee.....	2.50
No. 8115.	Michael Hazzett.....	2.50
No. 8386.	C. Johnson.....	2.50
No. 8397.	John Matier.....	2.50
No. 8398.	Mrs. John Matier.....	2.50
No. 8501.	G. R. Mills.....	3.00
No. 8720.	J. A. Hill.....	13.50
No. 8761.	L. Anderson.....	1.20
No. 8770.	J. N. Jennings.....	3.00
No. 8976.	F. W. Johnson.....	3.60
No. 9878.	Chas. Johnson.....	2.20
No. 9890.	O. Anderson.....	2.20
No. 9936.	F. R. Rogers.....	1.00
No. 9246.	T. L. Moores.....	2.20

By order of the County Court,
J. C. CLINTON,
County Clerk.
Astoria, Oregon, June 7, 1906.
6td.-ltw.

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